

The governor told Mayor Stewart to close the saloons. The mayor refused. Gov. West then called upon Sheriff Rand at Baker, Ore., but the sheriff declined, claiming that he lacked authority, no legal complaint having been filed.

Then the governor got mad. He declared he would close those saloons himself and remove the city officials if they hindered him.

Then it was that Miss Hobbs invaded Copperfield. She read an order from the governor to the saloon men assembled in the town hall to close their grogshops and they refused, whereupon she turned to Col. Lawson, in command of the militia, who stood at her right hand and

nodded.

The colonel stepped forward, raised his hand and said: "This town is under martial law!"

And now the town of Copperfield is "dry."

It was Miss Hobbs who was sent by Gov. West to Washington, D. C., to represent that executive in land matters relating to Oregon, and it was Miss Hobbs whom Gov. West sent to Woodburn to investigate the saloon business there.

Miss Hobbs has been much in the public eye, politically, and it is rumored that Gov. West, who has announced that he will not run again, will support his secretary to succeed himself as governor of Oregon.

A PUZZLE

We borrow from the New York Press the following instructive history of a head of cabbage:

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"The head is grown by a small farmer in Connecticut, who gets a cent and a half for it. It first goes to the commission merchant, who lives on Riverside Drive, pays \$2,000 a year for his apartment, keeps an automobile and spends \$7,000 a year. Next the cabbage is sent to the wholesaler, who lives on West End avenue, in an \$1,800 apartment, keeps an automobile and spends \$6,000 a year. Thence the cabbage goes to the jobber, who lives in a \$1,500 apartment on upper Broadway, keeps an automobile and spends \$5,000 a year. From him the cabbage travels to the retailer, who lives in a \$700 apartment on a side street, has a corner store for which he pays \$25 a month rent, keeps two delivery wagons at a cost of \$140 a month and spends \$2,500 a year on his living. Finally, the cabbage gets to Mr. Ultimate Consumer, who lives in a \$40-a-month tenement, rides in the trolley car or subway, spends all he can make or a little more to live, and pays for that head of cabbage 13 cents."

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Puzzle—find the cabbage head.

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WAS HE RIGHT?

Johnny Jones, the office boy, had been detected in a lie. It was not one of the ordinary prevarications of the every-day world, and, moreover, to make the crime the more grievous, he had persisted in adhering to his original mendacious statement.

"Do you know, my lad," asked a fatherly clerk, in a kindly fashion, "what becomes of young lads who rife with the truth?"

"Aye," was the assured reply; "bosses send them out as travelers when they grow up."

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A host who was nervous and inexperienced rose hurriedly at the conclusion of a song one of his guests had given. "Ladies and—er—gentlemen," he said, "before Mr. M. began he asked me to apologize for his voice, but I omitted to do so—er—so—I—er—apologize now!"